

The Mirror

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The World is a City, Full of Crooked Streets, Death is ye Marketplace, where all must Meet if Life was Merchandise That men could Buy, ye Rich would Alaways live, ye poor Must die.

I met Bill Smith in Butcher shop this morning. Bill was behind the counter.

"What is life is wrong with the liquor on these oysters," I asked. "Never saw red liquor on oysters before."

"Don't know what causes it," said Bill, "but it's all right." And he was a Pure Food inspection coming across the line.

"It's not like over here," says Bill. "In Edmonton the food inspection's a joke. Why, I've seen things as a practical butcher passed right over here, that were a crime. These fellows, with their book knowledge, are a joke. They turn up against an animal test and they wouldn't pass an A. B. C. examination."

"What they want to get is a practical man. A man who knows what to watch out for. Believe me—we've got it all our way at present. Suks

I guess it's about as much use as a school inspection—which reminds me.

That our old offender, Mr. Barnes, has been at it again, stirring up ructions at the last meeting of the School Board.

Mr. Barnes is a real sport—of sorts.

He believes in using every opportunity of taking advantage of a man when the other fellow is at a disadvantage.

I don't like that kind of sport myself.

I like to face a fellow and fight him with equal weapons.

It's the best man, not the trickiest, I like to see getting away with the game.

Mr. Barnes' brand of trickery reminds you of the similar tactics employed by the Boers in the South African war. He waits until School Trustees Clark and Mackenzie are unavoidably absent from a meeting, the one away East, the other ill, to propose a move against his old bete-noir, Mr. McCaig; which knaves, were they present, they would strongly oppose.

All credit to Mr. Walter Ramsay, the chairman of the Board, that he left his seat, Miss Nicholls following his example, and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Barnes motion, died from the natural cause of no quarter.

Mr. Barnes, no doubt, imagines himself a shrewd politician, a statesman quick to seize every strategic situation to his own ends. I call him, in plain words, a pure sport, a jolly poor representative of public opinion. A man who uses his public office to further his private spite.

A no-use man for the people's good.

That was a pretty little bit of work the old Strathcona Council put over Edmonton at the time of the Amalgamation of the two cities.

I hope the new administration that the Greater City should assume responsibility for all contracts already entered into by them.

They must have been sitting up o' nights letting those paving contracts, judging by the vast number of streets, some with only one house, some with none, that is now no motorist's paradise to people on both sides of the river.

That was Some Council they had over in the sleepy little University village.

With the great "A" and here were wrangling their titles, wrangling addresses by name, and pulling off such tactical moves as raids on Coloured Reservoirs, fighting their Chief of Police, and other similar moves, Strathcona was doing the best bit of advertising and manoeuvring, the smartest real estate agent carried out in this little neck of the world in some time.

Take a motor and bowl for miles along their well paved roads.

Go out to the University, and around by the Hon. Mr. Ross, and you'll find houses, big groups of the charming residential property, also the houses going up by the hundreds, beautiful homes that would attract the most blasé house-hunter, come back on this side, and try Twenty-Fourth Street, the Stony Plain road, and then send back into the garage for a car to bring the gasolina-spirited.

My dear brethren, we are stung!

How in the name of common sense are "our" real estates on this side going to dispose of lots on the north bank of the river, when the men they take on to hand is full of a bad humor, and finally has to be towed home.

Oh, no, my friends not when they can get a lot for the same or less money, on a paved street and with quite equal natural advantages just by crossing the river.

We are doing a great deal of building, no doubt, all along the tenth and twenty streets, but nothing in proportion to what is going on in the erstwhile sleepy village to the south.

Listen to some of the English visitors' opinions of the way we have handled our roads in the West End.

I could relate scores of sales hoo-dooed from just this.

Admitted that the growth in the West End has been phenomenal, and that any Council would have hard work to push along fast enough. Strathcona has done it. There's your answer.

The wear and tear on motors in the West End must be something. No car could cope with the hard-as-flint roads piled knightly in some places, through which a car must of necessity pass. Say they couldn't pave it. What about taking a shot on

keeping such rotten roads as they have, in even passable condition.

It isn't a question to consider.

It is a work which has to be done.

Take the motor and vehicle entrance to the City Park for another instance. Did you ever see such a disgrace?

What were they trying to throw up—mud fortifications.

It's enough to give a car the Spring Hall to even earn an entrance, while as for making it, you'd have to have one of Barney Oldfield's devils, with a Barney Oldfield at the wheel.

There are few many cars in this city? Well, I have heard they a loud enough voice to make themselves heard!

We need a Kickers' Union in this town just about as bad as anything I know.

I went motoring one heavenly Sunday out to Stony Plain.

The road for the main part is excellent, the view obtainable one of the best in the country, but there

charters is shown up in a distressing light."

It's another case of too-much paving unwaranted by the facts.

I've never cared a figleaf for public opinion—no more do I. My policy is fear no man, and do right. But my advice to men is fear all women, and it's a work which has to be done.

Opposes of the action of the "I Won't Work" at present hovering Edmonton with their lazy and useless company, I am reminded of a story told of Bismarck:

Bismarck is always thought of as the Iron Chancellor, who, with the blood of German soldiers shed in three great wars. But a French army surgeon, Doctor Czernicke, in a recent volume of reminiscences from Forest and Stream quotes, most unexpectedly presents him as a man who felt and deplored all the horrors of war. "The surgeon set the stations at Rezonville during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870."

"You are taking part, sir, in a terrible war," began Bismarck to the young man. "What a beginning for your career! What awful sights! What suffering!"

"It is not you or these poor mutilated fellows that I should like to see here," Bismarck contin-

ued.

Stretching his hand over the horribly mutilated head, Bismarck gave mute benediction, and passed on.

The I. W. W.'s won't work themselves, so like dogs in the manger, they endeavor to put men who have good jobs and are earning good wages, in a like position. I don't know what these organizers get out of the country stirring up mischief, but I do know what they'd get if I had the handling of their case.

They are the men who cry for war, war. War on Capital. War on all employers.

They won't be here to see the Winter set in,

and winter and children demanding fire and bread and butter.

They don't know, and care less, what happens after they have gone on living on the beat in the land while have weather sets in here and there is no money to buy food and hunger and misery stalk among the men and their families, who listened to their anarchistic advice.

Why you working-men of Edmonton are too well off to pay heed to men who are their hiredlings.

I don't like them. I would like to eat them. It is not you, working-men of Edmonton, that I would like to see taste the horror of cold and hunger, but these foreign agitators who care for you and your supposed grievances about as much, as I care for a common, everyday coward-like—I won't tell his initials, but I imagine you can guess his initials.

HAMMER OR TRUNcheon?

"If a Suffragette married a Bobby, he'd be a truncheon, not a hammer, though."

"Would their offspring, d'ye think, be more nobby than the use of the hammer or staff?"

"Of the staff I, myself, am a barker;"

"What else could you look for, in fact—

When the father of heads is a cracker,

And the head of the mother is cracked?"

The Times of India give the following amusing letter in Babu English (the English of the half-educated natives) on the suffragettes:

"Tell you, Mr. Editor, if suffragettes allowed in the House of Commons they would knock the world upside down. First of all they make Mrs. Parkhurst, Vice-roy of India and Pethick, Governor of Bombay. I know you are laughing, Mr. Editor, because I say this, but all women is like that and do more foolish things."

"Your St. Paul is very clever fellow. He knows all the foolish things of the women. He says very strongly women must shut the mouth. No talking about business or anything. Everything must ask to the hands and feet tell the tongue, and never dare to move the mouth to talk. But what the woman care for St. Paul. He is poor fellow and not passing M.A. and B.A., and his wife and his husbands perhaps only fourth or fifth standard. So they become proud and fight to go to the House of Parliament."

"Europe people say we Indian people treat our women like servant and animals. This is not true. We teach woman to do home work, mean the people of the house. Therefore my dear Mr. Editor, I hold hands and kiss your feet and ask you to tell all the men to stop this mischief of the suffragists, stop it. I like you very much to put this letter in your pages of India because in Bombay also some foolish along working women to do wrong things which mean they become afterwards, slowly, slowly, suffragists. Then finished with Bombay."

This above may be Babu English, but it strikes me as having more than a grain of plain English common sense. I hear "some of them" are marching on to Canada.

Let it be soon. Maybe we could organize them into a House-Cleaning Brigade down at the Parlia-ment, and then sweep, sweep, sweep out the Council Chamber, while the Hon. Members might be turned loose on the "I. W. W."

Yes, indeed, we have plenty of work right here in Edmonton, so come along, dear suffragettes. If you want any further particulars, Mayor Armstrong will get Messrs. MacKay and Rae to write you a letter. Don't forget, however, to read between the lines.

That's where Mr. MacKay, at any rate, shines.

I have heard a good many complaints of late regarding the labelling of the South Side cars.

In the days, before amalgamation, the word "Stratcona," spelled out in plain letters, warned West Enders off boarding the cars by mistake.

As it is now, "Whyte Avenue," is the only indication that cars so labelled are destined for the South Side.

To strangers this is bound to be very annoying. "Whyte Avenue" is much the same so far as they are concerned, as "Albany Ave." or any other ave.

Obviously people are bound to encounter very annoying delays, etc., before we become accustomed to that. What visitors from out of town, the sign will always be a comedy.

Why not for the sake of all concerned, have large black and white signs in front of the car, with "South Side" printed in unmistakable letters?

A West-End hostess told me this week, that she had delayed a dinner party until a quarter to eight, waiting for the bus to come out of town, and who was bailed at one of the hotels.

At some most undiner-like hour he wandered in explaining that he had stepped on a west-bound car and been landed somewhere on the South Side.

I went into a coal-dealer's to give an order the other day, and was told they couldn't promise to deliver any of the foundation of the City of Edmonton, under two week's time.

What's the use of planting stakes on a coal bed if that sort of thing is going to obtain?

Of course I had read about the track sinking this

Continued on page 7

GILBERT & SULLIVAN REMINISCENCES



"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" — 1907



"H.M.S. PINAFINNE" — 1909

The Gilbert & Sullivan Festival being held in the Empire Theatre this week, serves to recall the notable productions of these Comic Opera masterpieces, which have made big Edmonton attractions in past years. A reference to these appears in the "Musical and Dramatic" department of this issue.

were some water holes that would cause even a bulldog to bark.

We maneuvered one of them by taking down a farmer's fence, and plumping can foremost through his wheat field.

There was nothing else you could do.

Since the farmers themselves should have enough pride to repair these scattered, but very annoying, spots in the road, or, failing that, should call their local representative's attention to it, and what is more, see to it that he gets something done in the way of repair.

A district becomes known, and appreciates it in value, according to the number of people who pass through it.

Now, no one is going to take the chance of being beaten in a race, just for the sake of obtaining a good view, when by taking another direction he can pass up the risk.

The demand of the entire West to-day is not much for more railroads, as good roads.

Then take the foolishness of those two railroads running side by side into the North Country.

A man just down from the Yellowhead this week, tells me they are utterly unnecessary, and serve absolutely only one section of the great North land.

"When you consider," said he, "the crying need of railroads to serve different and far-scattered communities all over this West-land, and that by merely double-tracking one of them, practically the same results could have been brought about. The poor judgment of the Government which granted these

would, earnestly, "but your Senators and Deputies? They would then see what war is."

This idea that the war had been forced upon the two nations by politicians was ever with Bismarck, according to Doctor Czernicke. He referred to again going over the hill field with a sword on some strong troops charged up against a pillar of the church, was one of the French soldiers, a very young man.

He was terribly wounded. A shell, striking him in the face, which he caught in his hand, and leaving the eye of the bride of his love, leaving the small bare. The wound was covered with a dressing. He lay there, calm, silent, motionless, in dumb resignation.

Bismarck stood in front of him and asked the surgeon "There is war for you, messieurs, the Senators and Deputies?" he said bitterly. Then turning to one of his suite. "Please bring me some wine and a glass."

He filled the glass to the brim, and took a sip. Then gently, gently the poor fellow, "My friend, will you not drink something?"

The wounded soldier roared himself. Bending, Bismarck very tenderly and slowly gave him wine, and rising again, almost solemnly drank what was in the glass.

"What is your name, my boy, and where do you come from?"

"Rossignol—from Britanny."

"I am Bismarck, my comrade, and I am very proud to have drunk out of the same glass with a brave man like you."

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IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT BEST?

A defence of real love matches and of love at first sight was made by Sir James Crichton-Browne in his presidential address at the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association at Shetfield.

"Much more precise information than we possess at present as to the transmission of children," said Sir James Crichton-Browne, "is necessary before we can venture to exercise any extensive control over human mating. But even now something may be done by medical men in advising their patients that it is discreditable for a man or a woman to marry into bad or diseased stock. Such moral considerations and restrictions only operate on the first instance of the higher and more cultivated section of society, but conventional notions and sentiments adopted by the classes have a way of breaking down into the lower and less refined classes. It may be done by sanitation to raise the lowest and most debased to meet wholesome moral conceptions."

"I am a believer in the love match, but I am not the only one but from the empirical point of view, in a very large proportion of marriages love plays no part or only a very subordinate part. Money, social position, ambition, and what Carlyle calls the 'cash nexus' are the dominant factors, but the marriages most likely to produce favorable results in the net general view. Our aristocratic and landed classes, however, used to say, has been saved by its occasional alliances with actresses and milkmaids."

Gretta Green
There is a most interesting, instinctive aversion from union between persons belonging to white and to colored races, and the fruits of these unions are generally of inferior quality; and so I think there must be a deep physiological significance in the various and inexplicable attraction that instantly draws two persons of the same race into sympathetic union, and the same repulsion that brings them apart. I believe, more likely to be healthy than are the offspring of those who have allied themselves in cold blood from mercenary or sordid motives."

"I am not defending hasty, early marriages, of which we have a great deal too many. It is not the intent that the eugenist sets his face. The marriage of Gretta Green was a loss to the novelist but a gain to the country. Love at first sight of the right kind is a physiological epoch—mark the date when you are blessed; it blesses him who experiences it, and it is charged with blessings for those who are to come after him."

BREAKING INTO ROYAL CIRCLES

One of the guests of the Hotel Vancouver, Mr. A. A. Astor, who has been in the habit of speaking in such terms of extreme cordiality when referring to His Royal Highness, the friend of his country, recently mentioned him in the subject.

Both men are in the city to witness the ceremonies attending the Royal Party's visit.

"Did you know you knew the Duke?" he asked the American friend.

"Know him?" cried the other enthusiastically. "Why, man, I've even had my picture taken and I want to say that for a Prince of the Blood he was an unusually patient man under the circumstances."

"The thing happened when the Duke recently visited New York on his tour to Canada. He never knew the photographer or newspapermen to pursue anyone more relentlessly. They photographed him, the Duchess and the children wherever they went, and none of the party had a moment's peace."

"Finally, the Duke in evident desperation hit on a plan which he hoped would give a few minutes' respite. He entered his hotel by a side entrance and walked around a back street to Fifth Avenue, thinking to lose himself in the crowd and enjoy a quiet night of comparative restlessness."

"This is where I came in. I was walking along looking casually into the shop windows when all of a sudden a horde of photographers who were down upon me and began working their instruments like a mob of mad men."

"It suddenly flashed upon me that I must have somehow become unexpectedly famous, and I was taken aback in preparation to making a speech when one of the camera men shoved me rudely to one side."

"You've broken into us many times," he said, "as their death. Inspired in men a pure purpose of faint— In some great cause to give their latest breath— So died this soldier-saint."

Nay, his nobler warfare since his hands

Beacon Heights Annex

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Armed with the Spirit's wisdom
and power—
His feet with thongs of salvation shod,

He knew no foes save only such
as warred
Against the peace of God.

Scorned or acclaimed, he kept his
harness bright.

Still through the darkest hour,
untiauged to yield,
And at the last, his face towards
the light,

Fell on the victor's field.

No laurelled blazon rests above
his bier,
Yet a gallant people bows its stricken
head—

Where he fought without re
proach or fear,
Soldier of Christ, lies dead.

G. S.

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IN THE INVESTOR'S FIELD :: ::

The past week has seen a decided increase in real estate inquiry in Edmonton. Things have been surprisingly quiet in investment circles for several months back; considering the fact that actual development has gone away beyond everyone's expectations.

The building operations of the season have been of a magnitude that has probably never before been equalled in a city of similar size anywhere. September, which is usually a slow month as far as building permits go, last year showed a little less than \$100,000 issued, bringing the figures for nine months up to \$12,274,551. The returns from other cities have yet to come in but unless Montreal improves on its record for October, it will put the Edmonton figures ahead of those of the largest city of the Dominion for the nine month period.

The bank clearings for the month ran \$17,700,703, while Calgary's was \$24,137,286. Ottawa has been left by both the Alberta cities well in the rear. It will probably be some time before either of them to move further than fifth place in the Dominion. But the speed with which they have jumped up from the bottom of the table has been a marvel.

The Edmonton clearing house was established about five years ago. The city invariably stood at the bottom of the list at that time and there were those who thought that in view of the poor showing made, it was very premature to have its figures published. In another year or two, however, it will be as fascinating as a horse race. First we challenged London's position now and then. Soon we had definitely passed the old Ontario city and approached Halifax. So John, you say, what does all this mean? That our rivals were Quebec, Hamilton and Victoria. They fell behind definitely early this year and since then we have been engaged in overtaking Ottawa, which in September was two million dollars behind us now for some time at least. The main interest will be in the race between Calgary and Edmonton.

The remarkable thing about these bank clearings is that the joint potential market for the latter night has been steadily rising in Edmonton at this rate at a time when there was very little real estate movement. This must mean that the business growth has been of the substantial kind, something more than mere trading in property. The same observation applies to Calgary.

The other stations are quite in line with those already cited. The customs returns for September were about 125 percent, more than a year ago. The postal receipts show advances of from 15 to 60 percent.

This year's crop experience is different from most other years. Usually we have been too optimistic as to results. The inspection figures that are available up to date make it plain that a much better crop, both as to quality and quantity, than was anticipated has been harvested. The difficulty now is apparently to arise in getting it to market. The movement has started later than last year and with much more grain to handle, there are undoubtedly greater difficulties ahead. The Panama Canal and the Suez Canal will be major factors in which to combat any soon. When we have ports that are open all winter as accessible both to us and to the world's markets as those on the Pacific will then be, it will make a tremendous difference. This trying to get the crop through in the few weeks before the latest harvest and the close of lake navigation is all foolishness.

The acquiring of the bulk of elevators in Alberta by that astute financier, Sir Max Aitken, and his plans for adding to his holdings, have received a hearty endorsement that they should. It means that he realizes what an enormous change the big ditch at Panama is to make to Alberta. Grain growing can then be carried on under much more favorable conditions here than in any of the other western provinces, where now we are the most poorly off in that respect of all three.

It has long been known that it was only necessary for Mr. R. B. Bennett to purchase property near or near an Alberta town to have property near or take a jump. This is a powerful influence for one man to have such a hold over another. It is also so strong that he had purchased the Lawson farm adjoining the town and large tracts in the neighborhood changed hands on the strength of the statement. But it has since been denied that Mr. Bennett made any such purchase.

Vermilion has formed a 10,000 club which is pursuing an energetic publicity campaign. The Northern Development Company, of which Sir James Outram is the head, he having just succeeded to one million dollars, has extended its activities to the point of so going so far that he had purchased the Lawson farm for the town and district. Hon. John Gordon has been spending some time in Edmonton, visited Vermilion last week. He has a large investment in lands in that district, so the Vermilion Signal states.

Mr. T. Frame Thomson, the English capitalist, who has been visiting different parts of Alberta, invested \$30,000 in Athabasca Landing, according to Hon. J. R. Boyle, who accompanied him there.

It is said that rods samples from the Fraser River have shown silver in large quantities and that an Anglo-German syndicate has an engineer at Fort George now making investigation.

The vicinity of Fort George, paying close to half a Lord Joicey recently purchased 24,000 acres in mineral rights for the same amount.

A large work camp will be set in Calgary, real estate if the report proves correct that the Royal Bank has purchased the Hudson's Bay corner for \$100,000 a foot.

There has been decided activity in the northwest portion of Edmonton during the past week. Various rumors in regard to radial railway plans as the recent decision of the city street railway de-

partment to extend to the G.T.P. shops are responsible.

Mr. J. K. Cornwall, M.P.P., returned this week from the Peace River. In an interview he said:

"Thousands of bushels of grain over and above the normal amount settlers have grown in the Peace River this year. The farmer will have to store it until they can ship it out by rail. There comes a point beyond which grain cannot be economically stored by settlers who have been raising crops for several years past. There will be financial trouble among some of the settlers, unless the railways build into that country faster than they have been doing."

An active programme of railway building into a new country was never better justified than in this instance. The people have gone into it in such large numbers as to make this absolutely necessary.

The series of "plain talk" which "An Investor" has been giving in Canadian Finance are very valuable. The last number he has this to say about farmland:

American and British investors alike have enjoyed substantial profits from operations in Western Canadian farm lands. In the case, for instance, of the Hudson's Bay Company, the average value of land in the past ten years has practically trebled—increasing from \$4.88 in 1901 to \$14.04 in 1911. The C.P.R.'s president lately pointed out that the average selling price of that company's land in 1901 was a shade over \$3 an acre. At the year ending June, 1912, the average was \$16.99.

But, it is asked, may this very advance not be the precursor of a reaction? And the answering of the query not only concerns buyers of Western lands, but of all of Canada.

"Farm lands remain the one cheap thing in Western Canada," is a remark not seldom heard nowadays. And there is something in it. In the nature of things there is not the same danger of sudden inflation in farm lands as in property values.

The wild-catter, on the other hand, looks upon the townsite and the subdivision as affording the scope they desire for their operations. Then, too, farm lands, like other city property, are a good investment capital to handle easily to attract every Tom, Dick and Harry who gets a touch of the speculative fever.

That the present farm values in Western Canada are, for the most part, bound to have a considerable advance seems to be a general consensus of opinion among the United States border. As already pointed out in these columns, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the average value of farm lands in the United States was \$15.50 per acre; during the first decade of the century the average value had risen to \$20 per acre.

It was said by pessimists that there would be a collapse in land prices across the line following the boom of some two or three years ago. But, as the New York Post put it, "There was, after the apex of the boom, a great deal of adjustment that was needed; but as there came a revival of the high price level for farm products, renewed activity was noticed, and prices held firm or advanced."

An official report last year by the United States Forest Service gave the average value of land in Minnesota at \$46 an acre, compared with \$29 in Manitoba, \$22 in Saskatchewan and \$20 in Alberta—leaving a considerable margin for gradual appreciation.

This is the root reason for the northward migration of American farmers to Canadian territory, whose agricultural publications, nor exploitation boycott of Canadian exhibits, can check.

It also explains why American farmers are content to pay prices relatively high in some cases for lands in certain favored districts. Even \$46 an acre for new land, farmed in marked contrast to the land obtained for a farm in Minnesota, North Dakota or Kansas—where \$100 and more an acre is not unusual. So there is considerable margin, true, scarcely ten cents a acre, of the Middle West's 175,000,000 acres of prime lands, to be sure, but still there is it, but the demand from increasing immigration keeps well up to the supply of lands situated conveniently to railroads.

This is an important factor and always resounding in the minds of those that consider the United States farmers. As mentioned in a preceding issue of Canadian Finance, present United States banking methods bear heavily upon farmers—and they are coming to recognize the advantages enjoyed by the rest of the world.

When a little local bank of Winslowville, Kan., has loaned to the farmers, elevator men and merchants all that its resources warrant, it must stop lending. The farmer may offer his note secured by what is stock and the bank will accommodate him; the bank may have had a hundred of what will do, but it cannot use that security to borrow from the bank. The bank's only resource is the slow and clumsy one of sending the paper elsewhere, trying to find, if possible, some other bank not loaned to by the same institution. With the result that credit in Canada will be given. Professor Lauchlin, of the University of Chicago, "It is not necessary to have a stringency, great or small, at periods of crop moving." This comes about from an elastic supply of money, which expands as the demand for agricultural loans expands, and which follows the hundreds of bank branches which are thrown out into the agricultural districts by strong, highly capitalized institutions.

An important change went into effect this week in connection with the oldest insurance business in the city of Edmonton, that conduct for twenty years by Mr. George L. Jelett, has been taken over by Mr. Jelett's son, Mr. L. G. Jelett, who has been associated with his father for some time past and Mr. John D. Cameron. Both the members of the new firm have had a first-class training. Before taking on his duties with his father four years ago, Mr. Jelett had for ten years at the office of the Royal Insurance Company in Winnipeg. Mr. Cameron was for four years with the Bank of Commerce, two with Allianz, Lang, Kilian and Mackay, and then joined the Royal.

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THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM BOOTH

A man must die of soul who perished by what took place yesterday in London, when the Salvation Army laid the remains of their dead chief to rest. For it was a rare and unique funeral. Let us not be misled to belittle it, as himself how many men in history, devoid of rank or power or station, have won from their fellow-men the highest respect. They must be very few. It does not detract from the rarity of the demonstration that similar scenes were enacted in the earlier days of the Great War. She was the joint creator of the Army with her husband, and the two funerals may be regarded as parts of the same ceremony separated by an interval of nearly two years.

The only comparable occasion in this country, at least in modern times, was the burial of Dr. Livingston in 1874. He, too, was a man of mission, a man who had won the universal respect of mankind by devoting his life to the service of his fellows. His body, too, was borne along the streets through the thoughts of all who mourned him, and in silence as it passed. There is something in the life of the great African missionary and explorer, fearless in the wilderness, but shrinking in the wilderness, that appeals to the imagination than the career of the younger missionary who lived all his days in the fierce blaze of publicity and advertisement. The men of all nations, of all ways of working, and the words of Sir Bartle Frere, describing Livingston, are not less applicable to Booth. "The work of his life will surely be held up to admiration, not only for the nobleness of design and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution." That is a combination which cannot be paralleled in all the dull and tame cases. The men who have it are rare, and we may be thankful for them. They may not succeed, and indeed it is difficult to say either of these missionaries how far he succeeded in his aim. Nor does it



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greatly matter. The great thing is that they had the aim and pursued it with unflagging self-sacrifice. They are an example and a light; they raise the whole standard of conduct in their generation in a way which men with different gifts cannot compass. As for success, no one ever failed, according to the common rule of success, so utterly as the Master they both served.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

When this department of the Mirror is being written, every one is on the tip-toe of expectation in connection with the visit of the Casino company in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. This is not the slightest exaggeration, for the time that the tour is the first that has been gathered together in America for comic opera work and Edmonton is more than fortunate in securing a visit from it. Let's hope, though, that DeWolf Hopper is merciful and does not recite "The Mikado" in the most specious manner.

None of their kind has stood the test of time so well as the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. Those who were theatre-goers in the eighties know the immense popularity which they had when the professionals were producing them regularly. Gilbert with his part of the comic conversation and Sullivan's tuneful music was heard everywhere.

Since then we have had to content ourselves almost wholly with presentations by amateur companies. All of the four that the Casino company offers will have been演ed by us in our own interest. Undoubtedly the most successful was last winter's "The Mikado," the feature of which was the imitable Ko-Ko of Mr. D. L. Robinson. I doubt if DeWolf Hopper can improve upon it.

About five years ago "The Pirates of Penzance" was given in the Empire by a company of boys singing to Mrs. Gagnier, Miss Bessie Phillips and Mr. T. P. O'Kelly. Later came "Pinafore" in which Miss Pinckton, now Mrs. A. E. McLean, Mr. H. G. Hunter and Mr. T. H. Griffiths were to the fore.

All of these were under the direction of Mr. Vernon Barford, who has done so much for music of all kinds in Edmonton.

"Patience" came later. In many respects it is the cleverest of them all and Jean Fahey gathered together an admirable company for its production. Taking from memory in this as in the case of the other operas, the leading roles, I think, were in the hands of Miss Pinckton, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Nash and Mr. McLean.

Folks in Edmonton are looking forward to the operatic line in Edmonton that could touch the work of our own amateurs. They filled a particularly useful place in the life of the city at that period in our history. Conditions have now changed, but it is to be hoped that this will only have the effect of stimulating them to new effort.

As usual, the Empire was crowded to the doors at all of the Orpheum performances the first three days of the week. There can be no question of the success of the venture, a larger theatre in which to present the same becomes a necessity.

The headliner, Howard the ventriloquist, deserved his place. He was extremely clever and amusing. Gus Weinburg was just Gus Weinburg. If you ever seen him in one play, you have seen him in all. His best occasion on the stage was "Change-O-Cat's" "A Comic Opera in Ten Minutes" and the musical melange entitled "The Call of the Sixties" were two very enjoyable novelties. The two Alfridges did good work. Beatrix Michelena was a disappointment after her press notices.

I see by an Ottawa paper that our old friend, Mr. H. Irving Leers, under whose direction several amateur plays were put on Edmonton some years ago, has opened a dramatic school in the Dominion Club with the help of Mr. and Mrs. George Wadsworth, who has been a prominent figure in Ottawa's offerings for the Earl Grey trophy. Mr. Beers should be a good man for the work that he has undertaken.

I see that Miss Alice Neilson and the complete concert company with which she appeared in Edmonton a year ago, with the exception of Ricardo Martin, is to visit Winnipeg and Calgary. Mr. Martin is also coming through the West with Rudolf Gans the pianist. Apparently both organizations are making money and evidence also a return of the poor house in Edmonton last autumn. There are two things that the management should remember in this connection. The Neilson-Martin concert was given in the rink, which is most unsuitable for such purposes. The second place that has developed greatly in recent months is it is to give the opportunity of hearing such artists when we pay out big money to hear those who are distinctly inferior.

I have been reading during the past week what appeals to me as a very strong book. "He Who Passed" has had a very large sale and deserves it. It brings home as nothing else could the difficulties that beset those who seek a career on the stage. These hardships have been discussed lately in England and America. The statements that were made at the Trades Union Congress by Mr. J. R. Williams of the Musicians' Union.

He asked the congress to pledge itself to obtain a minimum wage for chorus singers and to put an end to the prevalent and degrading conditions that exist in the theatrical profession. The congress passed a resolution to that effect.

"The outside life of a public performer is well known, but the inside life is a closed book to the general public," he said. "There is many a heartache and a smile. There are bitter struggles and wasted lives and broken hearts of which the audience know nothing."

Coming to definite facts, Mr. Williams gave instances of girls being engaged to play and underpaid. One girl was engaged for \$7.00 a week, from which 10 per cent. was deducted for agent's commission, and the girl had to provide her own costumes and make-up. This, he said, would be tolerable if it were regular, but for about half the year the people are away, which is a polite way of saying they are out of work.

He told of a pantomime manager who, himself an agent, took 10 per cent. from those whom he engaged. At one theatre \$1 a week had been paid for eight performances.

Mr. Williams said, often said that the profession was immoral. The immorality was in the payment of these scandalously low wages. How could a girl live in the West End of London on 16s. And often she had to work for from two to six weeks at rehearsals, which were not paid for.

He instanced one production in which the payment was 30s. a week. There were six weeks' rehearsal, and the manager of the theatre was discharged after the first week, so that they had worked seven weeks for 30s., and they had to pay a fine of a week's salary if they missed a rehearsal. One woman told him her salary was so low she had to make love to the secretary to obtain an advance of £1. a week.

Michael Faraday, who is producing "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric Theatre, defended the London manager.

"The representations made by Mr. Williams at the Trades Union Congress," he said, "only apply to chorus girls attached to theatrical companies touring the provinces. It is well known—in theatrical circles at any rate—that the London managers give chorus girls every possible consideration. So far as I know they are well paid all over. And the truth is that in any case a girl receives less than £2, (\$10) per week. In many cases, indeed, the salaries exceed this sum."

"In addition to this all their stage expenses, including such articles as dresses, shoes and stockings, are found for them by the management. As a matter of fact, also, I paid half salaries to the members of my 'Pink Lady' company during their two weeks' rehearsals before they started on tour."

"Apart from this," added Mr. Faraday, "opportunities for advancement in the profession are afforded to all our chorus girls. Any girl who exhibits some particular capacity receives every encouragement to forge ahead."

At the West End manager admitted that while Mr. Williams quoted rather extreme cases to the Trades Union Congress his statement was not exaggerated.

"But I blame the chorus girl herself for her condition," he said. "There are many girls on the stage today who are absolutely irresponsible and have no right on that account to appear before the public. Any girl who has some claim to the possession of a reasonably pretty face thinks she ought to be on the stage, and by hook or crook determines to make a career that she is prepared to work for any small salary in order to achieve her end, and even then there is great competition among them for positions in the chorus."

"Naturally there are theatrical agents and managers wishing to raise a cheap company who take advantage of this competition among the girls and offer them the very lowest of payments."

There was little doubt about it; he was not a success as a theatrical actor. The part of the dashing hero in "The Mystery of the Pickled Cabinet" did not suit him at all.

He stammered over his lines, and sometimes even forgot what he had to say; nor did he lay his hand on his heart a sufficient number of times, nor roll his eyes as he liked to do. Whether he would find much favor in the eyes of the critics is another question.

"Just before the crisis of the play he clasped the heroine to his manly bosom, and cried, in broken accents:

"Come, sing, a brave heart! The worst is yet to come!"

Promptly came a voice from the gallery:

"You ain't goin' to sing, are yer?"

The first oil painting ever made of Miss Maude Adams measured seven feet high and six feet wide. It was measured seven feet high and six feet wide. It was last Monday from Pittsburgh, where it has been on exhibition in the art museum of that city. The portrait is the work of John W. Alexander, and is the result of a year's intermittent study. Mr. Alexander is a painter of portraits and genre subjects. His painting of Miss Adams was a part of his exhibition this spring in Pittsburgh and New York.

The canvas, set in an Alexander frame, was hung yesterday in the foyer of the Empire Theatre, which will now be the permanent setting place. It is a full length portrait and represents Miss Adams with her hands clasped before her, standing forward as if to greet a visitor. The canvas is declared by everybody who knows, the most remarkable interpretation of the spiritual quality of its subject achieved by anyone.

Probably the most ambitious production planned by Charles Frohman for the coming season is "The Honor of Japan," a French play upon a Japanese subject. "The Honor of Japan" will employ over two hundred people and will require sixteen sets of scenery following Japanese designs.

The dispatches from Europe announce that the seats at the first production of Richard Strauss' new opera at Stuttgart will cost \$25 to \$10 each, and the newspaper critics in various cities have received invitations, each accompanied by a bill for

\$10. Richard Strauss is a genius. There is probably no doubt of that. But just as Strindberg says, "There are crimes and crimes," so there are geniuses and geniuses. There are geniuses who utterance touches the soul of humanity and lives on through ages. And there are geniuses who voice and express some human phenomenon of the moment—some striking but passing phase in the course of human thought and a wise utterance paraded with which have a birth.

The most extreme advocates of the genius of Richard Strauss explain, in arguing for the enduring qualities of Strauss' music and fame, that Wagner was attacked throughout his life as bitterly as Strauss is.

It is true that to be great is to be attacked. But it is not necessarily true that to be attacked is to be great. Greatness in one, and perhaps more, of its many meanings must certainly be accorded Richard Strauss. He is great in the expansion of the resources of the orchestra for one thing. But the ultimate appeal to his music is quite another matter. The charging of \$25 to \$10 apiece for seats for his new opera would appear to speak very strongly against him.

He constantly appealed to speak to and be heard by the soul of the people. Any one who follows the course of Wagner's will realize how ardently he sought to reach the people through his art. He was as much as may have been in many of his persons when he was a thoroughgoing democrat in his art and belief.

The thought of writing virtuous operas and forcing the price of admission up to five or ten times the normal amount would have been abhorrent to



Scene from the "Chocolate Soldier," Empire Theatre, Next Week.

him. Such a procedure implies before all else the aristocratic, the luxurious, the exotic.

There is no indication in this of an aim to reach and touch the soul of the people. The indications are precisely in the opposite direction. I would suggest if you consider we are trying to give something to the people, but to get something out of them, at least out of those whose degree of material success has made them legitimate prey.

Richard Strauss will get good advertising out of this new proceeding, but the price which he pays seems to me to be the forfeiture of humanity's heart in his musical sincerity.

EUGENIE AWED BY PARIS GOWNS

(Paris Cablegram from the Chicago Examiner.) The Empress Eugenie, who has just paid a visit to Paris, has returned to the love of dress that ruled her when she led the world of fashion. During

her recent visit she asked an old friend to get up a party of the best-dressed women in the city. Two dozen of the most elegantly gowned women in the metropolis responded to the invitation and the Empress reviewed their magnificent creations.

After many queries as to the details of texture, cut and modern quirk, as to the style of the introduction crinoline, said:

"What artists your dressmakers are! Ah! If the celebrated Empress had not asked me that what a success I should have made and what fetes I should have given. But are not the fêtes ruinous? When I was on the throne I never paid Madame Roger, my dressmaker, more than \$120 for one of the toilettes which I afterward so vehemently attacked."

The Empress' own dress is of sombre black, indicating her grief. Notwithstanding her eighty-six years, however, she showed the enthusiasm of a young girl over the Paris creations.



THE LEISURE HOUR

THE SINGER

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

She used to sing above her sewing,
Whether the world was dark or fair.
Green leaves at the window blowing
Shook light and shadow on her hair,
Or suddenly clouds, gray with rain,
Made the room sombre, late and soon,
Still steadily her needle plied,
In time to some old tune.

Down shimmering ruffles silken, comely,
Through ragged hem and gaping rents,
Ever, 'mangst dainty things homely,
Deftly her rhythmic fingers went.
Now slow above a halting place,
Now swift a fever seam along,
Till all the stuff was cloth of gold,
And broadened bright with song.

There never was a task too weary
To lighten at those liting strains,
There never was a day so dreary
To make back these brave refinements.
Actress her face intent, serene,
While thought, like angels unawares,
Changed with the changing airs.

Old ballads, rimes of lass and lover,
Clear chant and carol; at the dim,
Dusk hour, when work was almost over,
The burden of a blessed hymn;
And sometimes, when he'd move
A tiny garment just as snug,
Hushing, the happy notes became
A lullaby crooned low.

Always she sang above her sewing,
With a sweet melody,
Was like a liquid river flowing
In sweet content to some far sea.
To-day I flung the shut door wide,
And faltering, wistful, on the sill—
Lo, all the little empty room—
Was rife with music still!

You do like the old, homely things, don't you,
even your women who wear the homeliest babbles,
who are most advanced in the way of "rats" and
"puffs," who grow slim or "embonpoint," as the fashion
dictates.

I saw you sit at the Empire the other night, when
the man and the woman, dressed in the fashion
your mother used to wear, came out; and in the gloaming, strummed on your guitars, the old
favorites that held the boards, when you and I were
babes in arms, and the young men wore long, heavy
beards, and the young ladies had
short, sweet pocky bonnets and big round hoop-skirts
of thirty, forty and fifty years ago.

"Old Dog Tray!" Think of it, beside "Everybody's
doing it." "My Dear Clementine" given place to "Oh,
you beautiful doll."

They are neither of them either remarkable
for wit or sense, but about the first there was a sentimental
"homely" something that bears well the test
of years when placed alongside the "con" quality
that seems the smart caper of the "big successes" of
recent years.

"Honey, deah-ab-ab,
Listen, deah-ab-ab."

You know the accepted method of rendering all the
"lates," both on the stage and in the "drawing-room." I hate it.

It is music prostituted, just as we are prostituting
nearly every thing else that we can lay our hands on.

We might do a great deal worse than "go back,"
in many respects, to the days of antimacassars, and
simple, honest folk, to "Old Dog Tray," and to the
time when we took our social pleasures as a family,
not as a dozen various units, with practically nothing
in common.

At the bottom of our hearts we are most of us old-fashioned.

Oh, I know you no longer keep your family pictures in your living-rooms, to be shown with pride
to all your visitors.

I know you keep your children out of sight when
friends drop in.

I know you apologize for the things of which you
are secretly afraid—but I am not taken in.

Your husband down at his club, and your children
pursuing their various recreations, one here and another there, you going alone to a dance or bridge,
has not taken, and never will take, the place of the
evenings in my old home, when the whole "bundle" of
old-fangled life together.

It is an age of smartness, in many ways an age of
cleverness.

Is it a particularly happy age?
Were you ever, in fact, in those earlier years,
when you held ideals, as well as opinions, when you
didn't scoff at men's honor and women's virtue, and generally "believed" in things, as you have grown
too clever to do in these days of stripping every
thing naked from faith to a single garment.

See little handbooks, the simple old song,
dear from associations; such uplift as a noble
woman gives you, who has the courage of her ideals
and convictions; the joy of a child's pure, unafraid
smile, why, what do you suppose all the smart
ones have to say by comparison?

Smart things are not bad, and patricious, but the
worth-while things of life never become old-fashioned,
because they are built on such foundations
as simple worth and goodness, and love—and
these live forever.

Speaking of the old home evenings, do you remember the "family dinners" that used to be the
fashion?

The Christmas affairs, the occasions when the
whole crew of you dined at Grandfather's or Aunt
Jane's? Heavy repasts made up of many courses,
and from which you emerged very weary, because

while the elders talked, you simply stuffed, and stuffed, and stuffed.

In anticipation they weren't minded joys, in
anticipation, yet on the mellow tones, and soft-toned tones of time, and have become very dear,
because then you were all together, and now you
are scattered never to meet around a festive board
this side of eternity.

It is strange how a conversation I had with a friend the other day dove-tails into what I have been
trying to express.

It was round the luncheon table at "Glencoe," when Mrs. Colin Campbell happened to refer to the
strain and unrest of life as we live it at present, and the reason that is given in as evidence by the
growing enthusiasm for the things of other days.
The old handicrafts, the furniture and treasures of
a by-gone generation.

"The whole trend of the times," she remarked, "is
toward what are called 'old fashioned' ways. We
can't get adequate domestic service, therefore we
will have to learn to do the work ourselves. Oh
yes, we will, because the man of moderate income
can't stand the present-day wages and the waste
and race of musketeer labor in the kitchen."

The hostess, the right Mrs. Campbell added, "that the
wives and mothers themselves are growing tired of
being useless. Of making everything a sacrifice on
the altar of public appearances."

I look for the day, I do really, when we will drop
all those little deccets, and we will have the cour-
age to be just ourselves. "To be content to be hum-
ble, to be kind to earn a little, and to spend a little less."

I cannot think that there is a time coming when
you will be able to do this.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! you beautiful doll!"

Albert Chevalier, the comedian, tells of an amusing
conversation he overheard in the old Lyceum Theatre.
He was sitting in the stalls enjoying one
of Sir Harry Lauder's famous scenes when he
became aware of several young ladies who were
proceeding from his left. The interlopers were
two stylishly-dressed young ladies. "Quite nice,
isn't he?" said one referring to Sir Harry. "Oh
quite more than twice nice," answered her companion
"only, doesn't he strike you—a little weakness in the
knees?" "Weakness," retorted her friend, "my
dear girl, that's his patos."

ASTERS AND GOLDENROD

By Margaret Lee Ashley

My meadow is a lawless queen,
And where her purple gown is rent
She patches it with sunburst green,
And laughs, and is content.

The golden tatters of her cloak
Sue trails along the dusty ways,
And waves her scarf of azure smoke
To fan the brushtail blaze.

She leaves her veil of violet mist
A-dangle from the apple blossoms,
And rings her bell of golden chalice,
Where helpless cattle browse.

She waves a taunting flag of gold
To south-bound birds that dare not wait,
And mocks the envys of the cold
That will not arbitrate.

The heavenly autumn days are with us once again,

The leaves, as I write, are swirling, and whirling
against my study windows, brown, gold, some still
green a few reminiscents of those mad crimson
ones we of the East knew and loved. There is a
house in the air, and the sun, thank God I have
had an autumn child, season of change and charm,
and moods and tenors. Life has always meant Sep-
tember days for me.

I am mad with love of it, ready to drift away
with the leaves, and go blissing while the world
hangs irresponsibly—as don't care—at play. For
those people who take life easily I have the greatest
compassion.

I want to be out in the elements. I want to be
free and bold, to be out to be drunk with the
beauty and gladness of life.

I want to drink it to the lees, as Fate indeed
seems ever to have decreed that I should. For I
have known the bitterness of failure. I have mastered
so many of its lessons, too late, for any credit at
the moment when I wanted to be of use to those for whom
I might have given my life.

I am an April day for tears, and a September
child for regrets.

Better, though, than ever, the robust beauty of
the seasons, let us, I love the songs the wind
sings, and the gay, wild dances he holds wherever
there are trees or bushes to aid him in his revels.

I have a notion that wind means purification.

It means a blowing away of dust and cob-webs,
a sweeping away of old prejudices, and hates, and
hurts long-cherished.

Presently comes the Winter, to lay its still, cold
hand on all the confusion. When that time comes, it
will be well to be clean of heart. To have the
fresh vigor and courage that Autumn brings us all.

For the same keen, frosty air that brings color to
the trees, brings color to all and life to our step.

We stand up straighter, and move more briskly;

just to receive the exhalation. Then, too, come
those bright days when the air is full of haze
and filled with a glow of warmth from the sun
those mellow days in which we may fairly steep our-
selves in luxury before we come to those shorter
days still, when lights gleam early, and we are glad
to reach our doors, to close them, and the friends,
and the shadows, and the winter within.

I love all seasons, but first in my heart is this
twilight of the year. However, I must get on to
my front page.

A walk through the southern part of what we
still, from force of habit, refer to as Strathcona
shows that the buildings are stretching out in that
direction, and the amount of building is of the
high level or of the street railway extensions.
A large number of buildings have gone up recently
along the Calgary trail or close to it. The building
of the Edmonton Leather and Shoe Company will
cost \$25,000 and seventy-five men will be employed
at the start.

WHY WAR CANNOT PAY

(Toronto Star.)

Norman Angell (Ralph Lane) has written an article on the Panama Canal question, under the title, "Why Not Fight?" It seems a curious title to be chosen by a peace advocate with a celestial knowledge of the world's history, and it to drive home the lesson that Great Britain and the United States do not fight, and in all human probability will not fight over the Panama Canal or anything else. Why? And why do nations fight?

Norman Angell, if we may judge from what he says in his article, asks what would have happened if Germany and Great Britain had been engaged in as many and as serious controversies as Great Britain and the United States in the last century. Let us fill in the cabled report by enumerating some of these controversies:

The Maine boundary.

The Oregon boundary.

The Trent affair.

The Fenian invasion of Canada.

The Atlantic Fisheries question.

The question of Venezuela.

The Alaskan boundary.

Some of these were quite as important as the question over which Great Britain and Russia went to war in the 1850's. Almost any of them could be regarded as a sufficient excuse for going to war with Germany. Yet Great Britain and the United States did not fight. Why?

To find the answer you should buy or borrow Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion." Whether you are a peace man or a war man this book will interest you.

Norman Angell is not a peace man in the ordinary sense. He says nothing about the horrors of war, or its cruelty or inhumanity. He simply says that war does not pay.

He does not deny that life is a struggle. But he says that our struggle ought to have some intelligent aim, and that the international war has none. It is like a bare-room fight, of which the bare-head parties cannot remember the cause next morning. It is like an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

McLaughlin's

"DRY"



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SPORTING WORLD

A few weeks ago I suggested that Edmonton, seeing that it has good golf links already laid out, ought to have a golf course for the benefit of the general public. I note that in Liverpool public links have just been opened. To avoid overcrowding, a charge of sixpence is made for eighteen holes. The links are located in Birkenhead Park estate. The park is really well worth while inuring here. Golf is not a rich man's game in the old country and should not be considered so here. The initial work having been done on the local links by the Edmonton club, it should be a very easy proposition to keep them in shape without any expense to the city, the Liverpool plan being followed.

The sequel to the discussion that has been going on in England to the poor showing made by the country at the Olympic games is much more interesting than the discussion itself.

So much talk was heard about the degeneracy of the English athlete and the necessity of imitating American methods, that prince of Sportsmen, Lord Kinnaird, has taken the field to prove that any good purpose would be accomplished by trying to win victories as the Americans did. There was no use going into sport as a business and not for the fun of the thing.

"Why," he adds, "I would not be at all surprised if, when next Olympic games at Berlin are held four years hence, the Americans would have the great Finnish runner, Kolehmainen, on their team."

The New York Post characterized this as an insult and called on Lord Desborough to withdraw the statement. Lord Kinnaird did withdraw it and an apology was due him. The four year period has three years and nine months to run and already the Finnish athlete is a member of the Irish-American club in New York. The Post adds:

"The reason why the English athlete bearing the Celtic name of Kolehmainen will join the Irish-American organization is that the members of that club were first at the pier when the ship came in with Kolehmainen aboard. Otherwise he might have conceivably become affiliated with the Greek-American Athletic Club, the Chinese-American Athletic Club, or the Hebrew-American Athletic Club."

If international athletics has come down to this kind of thing, is there nothing to be done? Up to this time, Americans are no more eager for helping to train their Olympic team than the people of New York or Boston have about the baseball nines that will represent them in the World's championship ball-games next week.

Now the Red Sox have their homes in Boston and it is doubtful if any large proportion of the Giants live in New York. It is simply a case of going out and buying a team and calling it by the city's or the country's name.

There is no real spirit in this. Certainly when England is beaten in the Olympic games by these tactics, there is no reason to grow alarmed and say that her ancient glory is departing. It would certainly be deplorable if she Americanized her sporting methods.

In writing this, I do so, fully recognizing that we must have professionalism. But the professionals should make their home in the place that they represent. The residence rule that prevails in English cricket should prevail in all other sports. Let the county champions, even though this year all but one of the members of the team are professionals, because these professionals have been developed on Yorkshire playing fields and have their homes in the country.

Discussing the winning of the International pennant by Toronto, Canadian Collier's says:—

"Toronto fans hug their stomachs for sheer satisfaction. Yet when you look out over the field and watch a game between, say, Rochester and Toledo, you can't help but notice the difference in play. That is nothing unusual in this, in the history of sport in these days, and our only reason for mentioning the fact is to remark upon the number of ways it is looked upon. 'It shows,' says a fan, 'that our team is not only a good winner in its own boundary line between Canada and the United States, and tends to promote good feeling between the two countries.' 'It shows,' says another, 'the absurdity of professional baseball.' Only one man on the entire Canadian staff, Kelly, is a true Canadian to Toronto in the baseball season, and takes his profits back to his American home to spend them." It shows," says a third, "nothing more than the fact that Toronto happened to place its money on the right aggregate of men and effects." Toronto, no doubt, in anybody in particular except on Joe Kelly and the team." We heard another man solemnly stating that there was this difference between a winning baseball team and a winning in a horse race, that the dash heroes of the race track are fairer sportsmen, history, and a little of their speed and endurance to the whole world of horses, while baseball heroes are here now, gone-to-morrow, and leave little or no good effects in the blood of the race. But this man had never seen a horse race, nor does he know that the game is the most popular summer stimulant in two nations—and one that leaves no ill effects."

As to the comment in the last two sentences of the above, it is hard to see what bearing it has on the argument quoted. Are athletes to be nothing more than annual summer stimulants in the grandstand? Should there be no local pride in a team? Were not games invented to play them for us? Shall we hire other people to play them for us, their work being watched as we would the feats performed in a travelling circus?

I clipped this from one of the Edmonton papers the other day:—

Bill Hurley, Ducky Holmes, Ferdy Manning, Joe Thelan and Phil Deller, known to baseball fans all over the Prairies, northeast and intermountain country, are back playing with the teams in the Northwest, Oregon, California, Idaho and Montana; also in the middle western states and in the provinces of Alberta, have gone to their homesteads near St. Paul de Metis and Elk Point, 50 miles northeast of

Edmonton, where they will pass the next six months in improving their properties.

"The country is full of big and small game of all kinds, and we expect to do a lot of shooting and his fellows had planned to pass the time until the beginning of the training season next spring. "We expect to hunt and fish and go after big game. But before we do that there are cabins to be built and other things to do around the homesteads. I guess we'll be as hard as nails and not be good trim for next season's work on the ball field. We have laid in plenty of supplies of all kinds."

This is something we all like to see. Alberta ought to be able to attract more of her imported ball-players than she does. There is no part of the continent in which they can better prepare themselves for the days when even the bushiest kind of a bush league has no use for them.

The World's championship series is not easy to see up in advance. In view of their experience and general record, the Giants should win out, but those of us who could not see how the Athletics could win a year ago are being very careful about any too definite forecasts.

The Rugby game on Saturday between the Tigers and the Eskimos should set a high water mark for interest. The Tigers have been unable to hold their own with the teams in the country and the struggle will be a game one. Deacon White has worked very hard in bringing his men into shape. They won very handily last week against the Calgary Y. M. C. A. but Saturday will have an entirely different nut to crack.

The school games at the High School grounds on Monday brought out an interested crowd. It is a good thing to see athletics taking hold with the schools. The school girls have been left to the residential schools in this country altogether too much in the past. Young Montgomery's work on Monday in breaking no less than four school records was a fine display.

The defeat of the Australians by the Philadelphia team should make some of the people in the Old Country who have looked down on cricket in America sit up. A win by two runs is a comparatively novel achievement in cricket. It was for the most part to that splendid bowler, B. R. Parry.

It is definitely announced that the Australians are to play in Winnipeg and Victoria. Winnipeg could take a chance on the weather, certainly Alberta cannot have done so. The game will be watched with interest, but it is a pity that the only representative Canadian team or even a Western Canadian team could not have been placed in the field. Could it not even yet be arranged to have the Winnipeg game on with representatives of the three prairie provinces? It is to be played on Oct. 21 and 22.

An English correspondent of the Winnipeg Saturday Post sends this review of the athletic season in Ontario:

"The county cricket championship of 1912 trailed off to a dull finish at Kennington Oval last Saturday, when Surrey beat Warwickshire by six wickets. It is hard to tell to what extent the competition has been marred by the over-commercialization of the Tossellor Tournament.

The event proved so disappointing as an alluring influence that the championship may have received just about as much patronage as would have been expected if it had not had a title. Be that as it may, most of the counties have painful financial difficulties to reveal, but sunshine is as essential to cricket as to sweet peas, and when the summer goes raining mad, the prosperity of the game is bound to suffer. In the early part of the season, when the weather or the weather was satisfactory, attendance and some heavy scoring, August probably established a record in the fact that it produced only seven centuries and not many more sovereigns for the clubs. Of 172 matches played during the year, five had to be abandoned without the bowling of a ball, nine were lost to drawn, and the remaining 153, forty and fifty-three were decided on the first innings.

The number of finished contests was ninety-five. Various schemes are suggested for averting such a lamentable waste of time and money. One proposal that commands most favor is that of completely covering the wicket from seven o'clock in the morning until the beginning of play on the opening day of a match, and also protecting the pitch during any lengthy cessation of proceedings caused by rain. This would be a good idea, especially this season. Next year it might be a grave injustice to bowlers. There are times in which the bowlers stand badly in need of rain in order occasionally to lighten their arduous work and give them a respite from the heat.

"It shows," says a third, "nothing more than the fact that Toronto happened to place its money on the right aggregate of men and effects." Toronto, no doubt, in anybody in particular except on Joe Kelly and the team." We heard another man solemnly stating that there was this difference between a winning baseball team and a winning in a horse race, that the dash heroes of the race track are fairer sportsmen, history, and a little of their speed and endurance to the whole world of horses, while baseball heroes are here now, gone-to-morrow, and leave little or no good effects in the blood of the race. But this man had never seen a horse race, nor does he know that the game is the most popular summer stimulant in two nations—and one that leaves no ill effects."

It has been a disastrous season for Con Jones and his Vancouver lacrosse team, for he finished the season nearly \$8,000 in the hole.

A South African athlete recently attempted in the Pass of Kilkenny to leap the gully at the River Barrow, but failed.

After the battle of Kilkenny in 1689, a surprised Highlander cleared the river and escaped.

There is practically no run available, and the South African failed in his daring attempt, but he escaped the rocks and fled into the river below. The water was running high, but he was got out by his friends uninjured.

Harper's Bazaar has the following, which is of interest in view of what the Olympic games showed had been accomplished by the women athletes of some European countries:

In the spring of New York, a sanguine and close observer, points out a modern peril to which athletes and their mothers should give heed—the danger of over-exercise. Dr. Parry is far from being an alarmist; on the contrary, she believes in the modern girl; sees her as a superlative specimen, daring, resourceful, and full of vim; and knows that enthusiasm she puts into all she does. She sees, too, however, it is in these conditions that the girl's danger lies.

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Her enthusiasm may carry her too far in her athletic doings, she may pay the penalty at the crisis when her strength is needed most. Dr. Parry's thoughtful words will find a swift response among intelligent mothers and educators. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that their message will reach the athlete girl herself.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Continued from Page I

side the Clover Bar Bridge, and all that, but bolstered myself up with the hope that our up-to-date dealers laid in big supplies in their yards.

Now I learn that so far as most of them are concerned, none of them own yards except half yards.

They do not draw coal in wagon loads, as the "sheds" much resemble your, and my, wood-shed. "The consequence is," said the dealer, "that the first cold day everyday descends in frantic haste to order coal and delivered that very day—and then the trouble begins."

Our methods of drawing coal in wagon loads, as the weather permits, is a very primitive one. Yet this is the way the majority of the dealers manage.

A few have "yards."

"They do not feel the way you people arrange your affairs," said the coal dealer. "If you laid in a season's supply in the summer, as they mostly do down East there wouldn't be this trouble."

I told the Man of the House this, but his reply was "Postum"—there's a reason."

Down East the coal will bear storing. Here we're too poor in the first place, and this coal disintegrates—and—but you know the remainder as well as if I told you.

From present indications we are in for a big typhoid epidemic.

What's the reason?

In one block in the finest residential section of the city there are three bad cases within a few houses' distance.

Something wrong there surely.

Why isn't some systematic effort made to trace the cause?

Is it the milk supply?

Is it the water?

At any rate, is so telling an instance to be allowed to go by without some investigation?

One of the main sources of the particular type of the disease at present seems to be the presence of a particularly dangerous form. Now none of us are sightless to be planted for a while yet, and please we'd like to know—what's the trouble?

I was wondering what had happened to the Conservative Party now Mr. Cross's election, when I read in one of the local papers Mr. Bigger's very learned argument about Colonel Carrasick's unpopularity as a voter.

When I finished it, I decided that there are none of us who have the slightest right to the ballot, and that we ought to be allowed to prove it, and if we prove it by the authoritative fact we are in worse case than we were before, because who can prove that

there is such a thing, and if there is such a thing, who can testify that the Ministers of the Crown didn't just do it and there you are.

I think Mr. Bigger is very close to being a Christian Scientist.

There is no anything—save in our imaginations. There is no Colonel Carrasick. What seems so may be only a shadow. And yet how real appears!

Was it his "ghost" that interfered with the street car service that day? Lay you a bet Mr. Bigger could prove it so.

In fact I think he could move mountains or prove anything.

When I finish reading legal arguments indeed I begin to believe that devils are angels, and husbands never ill-treat their wives.

I liked Mr. Mackie's address to the Police Association in the L. W. Long case. This is a sketch about that expression. "What are we whom I have the honor to represent, etc., etc., that promises well for Mr. Mackie's part in the forthcoming Municipal, and prognosticated Provincial Elections. Let Joe Mackie, the author of that speech, write a letter and play it to the gallery, and all around we ought to have a very jolly little family party."

The days when Mark Anthony harangued the populace with "Friends, Romans and Fellow-countrymen, lend me your ears," fade into insignificance beside such a stirring speech as "Poor slave"—he could change that you see very readily the plural, "These poor slaves"—meaning we and me.

Then there are always "minion," "caitiff," "varlet" and other good old stand-bys to rely on.

Oh I tell you this Gilbert-Sullivan engagement is a hold-up at \$3, when you consider what we will have, at silver-collection-only prices, when these same elections come on.

INTERVIEWING MR. BORDEN

(The Prime Minister on his return from England was met at Quebec by a number of newspaper men, but smilingly refused to be drawn into a discussion concerning his missions to the old land.)

"Pray tell us, Mr. Borden, about the German scare: Are things as black in England as painted over there?"

The Premier at once replied, his face all wreathed in smiles.

"They say the fleet at Spithead stretched over thirty

"What do you know of Winston? Pray, is he coming over? Upon a Super Dreadnought, out-breathing flames and war?"

The Premier looked up again, and answered in a trice.

"The rooms we had at the Savoy were really very nice!"

"And what about the navy? Now, won't you give

Of what the policy will be resulting from your trip? The public is very keen on hearing you explain?"

"We had," said Mr. Borden, "an awful lot of rain."

—The Macs.—in Toronto Saturday Night.

